THE MARIGOLD

The viciet sweet I dearly love, The pink, the pansy bold,
The blush rose, but all flowers above
I love the Marigold.

Fair flower, that in a time of old Didst give thy heart away To him who from his sphere of gold Does give to mortals day!

Alast for love he gave thee not, Full vainly thou didst sue— Unhappy shall I name thy lot, Or call thy love too true?

The god who changed thee to a flower Hath left thy heart the same; Still dost thou show his beauty's power In hus of orange flame.

Still dest thou lift thy drooping head To catch his eye's bright ray, And when his light no more is shed Thy beauty fades away,

Poor Marigold! I love the well, And most because, like me, Thou hast a woeful tale to tell Of grief and constancy.

The violet sweet I dearly love, The pink, the pansy baid. The bluish rose, but all flowers above I love the Marigold. -Gentleman's Magazine

STORM SHADOWS.

Last June and July I had been taking too much out of myself. Beside the ordinary drudgery at the museum I was in a hurry to get my novel finished. I don't know how it is with men who spin their brains habitually, but after a hard day's work the effort of creation (save the mark), though it is pleasant at the time and does not seem to cost me anything, leaves all my nerves jarring.

In July we went down to the cottage on the river, and I wrote harder than ever till I got into a morbidly irritable and unreasonable state. 1 was always nursing some grievance; expecting Lucy to divine wishes I never really felt, and deliberately silent on things I wanted done, that I might fancy a grudge because they were not seen to without my asking. She, poor soul, was wonderfully patient, but naturally it depressed her, and now and then she broke down. That always brought me to my senses, and there would be a redinte gratio amoris. Still it was a strained, unhappy sort of time.

On Sunday, July 20, I had been writing all the morning, and not to my satisfaction, so that I was very despondent about things in general. In the afternoon Lucy suggested that we should go to service at St. Peter's school, which is near us, and where they have a reputation for their singing. The day had been sultry and lowering, and at 4 o'clock when we went in a thunderstorm was obviously coming up. I remember well a curious, heavy effect of sunshine on the blue mass of vapor.

Lucy went up into the gallery, and I was put into the stalls on the north side. Next to me was one of the masters. His face struck me as he walked up the aisle. I never saw so fine a human being. Very tall-two or three inches, probably, over the six feet, and with that look of supnoth that a man gets from constant athletic games. But the head was the thing-a long oval face with olive tint, long, straight hair as soft as a woman's and silky black mustache. He might have walked out of a Lionardo picture, if Lionardo had ever painted a Hippolytus, for this young man looked as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb the supremacy of cricket and football in his mind.

But I was in that overstrung temper when one cannot command one's thoughts, and mine flew off in self criticism. I had staked all my hopes on succeeding with this novel, and the more I reflected the more I was convinced of my own futility. Impotent ambition that recognizes its own impotence is a very pretty purgatory, and to indulge in unpleasant meditations in a not church on a sultry July afternoon, with no prospect of liberation for an hour, is an indulgence I commend to no one.

The storm was coming up fast, and the day had grown fearfully dark, while the air, heavily charged with electricity, became more and more oppressive. The thunder was growling away in the Thames valley, coming nearer with every roll. Opposite me was a row of stained glass windows. I remember their stupid sage greens and thin reds and blues so well. But they were open at top to catch a breath of air, and I looked out on to the leaden sky.

I was in that nervous, twitching frame of mind that makes you hear steps in a house by night, and for the first time in my life I began to speculate on the possibilities of danger. Suddenly there came a really awful flash and burst just above us -I saw the reader start as he was walking up the aisle to begin the lesson. Lucy is timid about thunder, and I looked up toward the gallery to see that she was not fainting. As I raised my eyes there came another flash across the open window, so intense and forked and wickedly onlyering that it dazed me and printed itself on the eyeball that saw noth-

Suddenly - quicker than I could say it-came the thought that I was blinded. I put my head on my hand to ease the pain in the eye-we were sitting of course while the lesson went on-and a cold fear took hold of me. I supposed that the thermometer was at 100, but I shivered with the sweat on my forehead was cold rose to requite him?

to my hand. Before I ventured to look up I knew that the sight was

gone, and when I raised my head it | me to say that. But I had to make | in water, standing out before me and chair. receding into space.

Then I began to reflect how I was know

The service was of an appalling solation. length. It outlasted the storm. Meantime I was ripening my plan. If my man would help me, it was feasible. When the sermon ended-great heavens! how I commented on that serstring of inoffensive platitudes, but but for this man's good looks she oor by the sleeve.

"Look here," I whispered, "I want you to help me out. Do you mind waiting for the voluntary?" They have a sort of recital there after the down on the sofa, exhausted with boys have gone out. He nodded, I the heat. suppose, for I heard nothing and had to ask again.

"Yes, all right," he said. He had pleasant voice.

I steadied myself a bit during the hymn, but then came a collection. That was the first thing that brought the feeling of helplessness in on me. bag came. This and the fumbling time way in which I handed it told the tale to my neighbor.

"Pardon me," he whispered, "but aren't you blind?"

"Blinded?" I replied, and I felt his start. Then I explained to him that dow. I had not reckoned on that. I had a wife there and did not wish But I knew there was an open space the shock to come on her too suddenly and wanted him to see me home. I fancy he thought me crazy.

"All right," he said, "I'll do my best. But you must explain fully." "Your name is Bedford," I said, 'and you knew me intimately in Paris five years ago."

"But I never was in Paris," he re-We tried other places. Finally Lau-

sanne was pitched on. I was to go out on his arm and introduce him to "You had better tell which is your

wife, if you can," he said. "She is sitting in the front row on

the left. "There are four women there," he

I made him describe them to me Lucy was the third. I am so unobservant about dress that I could not be sure till he described her features roughly. It is a very odd sensation wife to you, especially if he calls her out my hand to feel my way. beautiful in an apologetic sort of way. I should have been vexed if he had said "pretty." Yet somehow the other word made me catch my breath. As the vofuntary ended he told me when Lucy got up to go, and we

stumbled into the isle while she could not see us. Lucy met us in the vestibule. He had to nudge me when she came.

Luckily, she spoke first. "What a storm! And you looked deathly ill."

"It was pretty bad," I said, "but let me introduce Mr. Bedford, of whom I have talked so often.'

Then we walked homeward. Lucy made talk about boating with the young man. He was dreadfully embarrassed in his tone, and no wonder. I cut in now and then with leading questions about the people we had known, or rather I had known in Switzerland. But he was very resourceless in lying, and I had to give it up for fear of a revelation. Besides, my head was dizzy with walking on in the dark, expecting every moment to stumble. I was afraid, too, that Lucy's suspicions might be roused by my taking his arm. I am not demonstrative in my ways with

Happily the footpath was empty, but about half way home we met some women-I think they were all women from the rustle of their dresses-and had to steer clear of them. In my nervousness I ran my supporter hard into a lamppost.

"My dear boy," Lucy cried out, "Mr. Bedford won't appreciate your affection at this rate. Have you lost

your eyes?"

We got home without further accident, and I put my hand on the open door. Lucy was urgent with our friend to stay and have tea. 'Never mind your work," she said. We shall think you are in a hurry me off with technical terms. That to see the last of us."

It was evident enough to me that the poor fellow desired nothing more ardently than to be gone and was only anxious decently to conceal it. Lucy's hospitable effusion seemed to me excessive. However, at last he made his excuses definitely.

"At least you will let us see you again soon," said Lucy. The phrase

"Yes," 1 said, "certainly. You must let us see you again. Come any time. All hours are alike to me Thanks for coming so far with us.

was all red darkness before me, full some shift to get her eyes off me of hoops and circles that grew in while I stumbled into the drawing cessantly into one another, like rings room and groped my way to an arm-

"Now for it," I thought.

Very likely you don't enter into to get out of church and meet Lucy. my state of mind-how should you? There were steps and turns, and I I knew perfectly that Lucy took this could not bear the thought of a scene. man for Bedford, who was one of my Besides, I had my ideas about Lucy. best friends. Indeed she had seen I wanted to break it to her in my own me, so to say, parade my affection way. I wanted, in plain truth, to by walking arm in arm-she could lay a trap to catch her inmost not have been wher than gracious to thoughts-the first cry of her heart. him. Yet, you see, I was concen-I was not delirious; I was as sane as I trated on my one idea. She must had been for weeks past. Now I spare me the pain and humiliation of would see if she could be all to me telling her that I was blind. Good that I could fancy. That was what heavens! I thought, surely she might I thought. How sane I was I do not have apprehended from my voice or from my look that I needed her con-

I was raging against her slowness to observe (she tells me now that I had looked so distracted in the morning that there was not much change apparent). And there was the devil mon, though it was nothing but a in me prompting me to think that it ended at last, and I took my neigh- would have been forced to notice my distress. I was determined not to ask her pity. All wish to spare her a shock had gone clean from me. She came in and threw herself

> "Well," she said, "I must say you never prepared me for such a fine young men. Perfectly my ideal. But isn't he surprisingly shy?"

"Certainly," I replied, "he left you to make the running." I said it with a laugh, I know, but

it was not pleasantly said. She looked I had to ask to be touched when the at me then, I suppose, for the first "Why, what is the matter? You

are as white as a sheet." "Oh, it's nothing," I said. "That place was overpowering."

Lucy asked me to open the winfrom the chair I sat in across the room, so I rose and walked forward as confidently as I could. Unluckily, there was one of these little toy ta bles in the way. I tripped over it and nearly fell.

"Bless the boy!" Lucy cried out. Why, what is the matter? You nearly carried away a lamppost on the way home, and now you are breaking the furniture."

I turned round and said with all the sting I could put into my voice: "My dear child, if I am suffering

for having accompanied you to your devotions, is that a reason you should snap at me?"

I was only sorry I could not think of something memorably savage to say. But the tone was enough. I heard her turn on the sofa and begin to sob. Then a great remorse seized me. I forgot myself and made to go to her. But in the stumble I had lost my bearings, so I walked crash to hear another man describe your into the table and instinctively I put

Lucy saw me. She sprang up and creamed and caught me in her arms. 'Oh, what is it? What is it?"

She drew me to the sofa and held me there. "Say it isn't that-not that," she was sobbing out.

The hardness in my heart was melting like ice, and there was a great lump in my throat. But the devil in me made one last effort. "So you have found me out at last. Really a handsome young man is a capital screen!"

I felt her flinch, but she drew my head closer to her, for all I could say. Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy, and I never guessed.'

I struggled to get free, but in a moment I broke down, and then I was crying like a child, sobbing against her throbbing breast.

It was she who recovered first. Then I learned what it was to have a wife who cared for you. I had never been nursed or taken care of since I was a boy, and of us two I had been always the self reliant one. But that night I slept while she watched be-side me. She read my heart to me as if it had been a book-all the old quarrels, the old fancied grievances and the shutting up of my heart against her-and blamed herself, poor soul, for duliness because she had not sooner understood it. I was almost happy before I slept that night.

Next day we saw the doctor. He tried some severe tests on my eyes that hurt me, but there was something in the tone of his questions that I could not understand. When he told me that there was hope I might recover from the shock, I was perfectly certain he did not mean just what he said, and I told him to let me know the worst. But he persisted. Then I tried to cross examine him on his reasons, but he put convinced me he was keeping back something, and he stupidly confirmed my suspicions by asking to see Lucy alone about the treatment. It ended, as I heard since, in his

writing her his view of the case. Things grew very much worse with me in a short while. The first day of blindness is not the worst. It is like prison, I fancy. The torture in-creases continually till the nerves are deadened to it.

I tried dictating to Lucy, but that failed hopelessly. The medium in--day or night. Must you go, then? terposed seemed to paralyze the power of expression. No doubt in course Lucy, won't you give Mr. Bedford a of time I might have mastered the

Then I tried writing with my own hand. Lucy persuaded me she could read it. She used to sit by me and keep the lines straight, or tell me she did so. I have got nearly half a volume that I wrote in this way—of course quite undecipherable now. But it brought on the crisis. Try to write with your eyes shut for a minwrite with your eyes shut for a minute or two, and you will see what a strain it is upon the nerves. Mine gave way, as you know. We had worked six hours like this one day, poor Lucy in agonies and imploring me to stop, yet afraid to thwart me. That night I could not sleep, and toward morning delirium set in. The doctors tell me there is no such thing as brain fever, but it is a good descriptive term for the illness that fol-

As I understand from what Lucy tells me, when the fever first left me I was sane enough, but my memory was gone. I could see perfectly Then as memory began to return there came a struggle with the old delusion, and a relapse followed. "Last," as Tennyson says, "I woke sane, but well nigh close to death,' and by a fortunate inspiration they had kept me in the dark. Else, think, the shock of returning consciousness would have frightened away my fluttering life. It was Lucy who explained it all to me in the silent watches of the night, little by little, as I could bear it. Poor Lucy! I found her first gray hair as she bent over me a day or two afterward. But I pulled it out, and now it is the only memento of my blindness.

The doctors call it hysteria, which they say can simulate anything, and in such cases of simulated blindness it is often almost impossible to distinguish the false from the true, the eye acting under tests almost as it would if really incapable of sight. Hysteria is an ugly, womanish word. For my own part, I would as soon say insanity. And I am sure any jury would give Lucy license to get rid of me. But she does not want it. -S. L. Gwynn in Black and White.

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